

## TERMS.

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## Poetry.

## Written at my Mother's Grave.

BY G. D. FRENCH.

The trembling dew drops fall  
 Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;  
 The stars shine most gloriously—and all  
 Save me, is lost.

Mother—! love thy grave!  
 The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
 Waves o'er thy head when shall it wait  
 Above thy child?

'Tis the sweet flower—yet must  
 Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,  
 Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust  
 Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—  
 To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream,  
 By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
 And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here  
 To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
 And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
 With bitter tears?

Aye—must I linger here  
 A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
 Whose last frail leaf, untimely e'er,  
 Went down with thee?

Off from life's withered bower,  
 In still communion with the past I turn,  
 And muse on thee, the only flower  
 In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,  
 Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,  
 I stray to hear the night-winds wait  
 Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
 I gaze above, thy look is imaged there—  
 I listen, and thy gentle tone  
 Is on the air.

Oh come—whilst here I press  
 My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild  
 And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
 Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
 And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
 Oh, give his spirit undefiled,  
 To blend with thine.

## Miscellany.

## Lily, or the Bride of the Grave.

BY VENETIA.

"Thou'rt gone as the dew-drop is swept by the  
 bough."

More like a bright May morning than  
 like any thing of earth, was Lily Ross,  
 a little dainty creature, just skipping  
 out of seventeen, with a face of smiles  
 and sunlight. Not the bounding of the  
 tame deer in the park was lighter than  
 her footstep—not the deep blue of the  
 spring sky more clear than the heaven  
 of her eye—not the delicate tinge of the  
 blush rose more fair than the hue of her  
 cheek—not the voice of the south wind  
 when it says, "Summer is born," more  
 sweet than the girlish music of Lily  
 Ross, as she came with a dance and  
 a song, from the hall to the garden on  
 her bridal morning.

So must have thought the fond fa-  
 ther who looked from the open window  
 after his beautiful child; and so must  
 have thought the graceful, fine looking  
 youth who sprang from his half-reclin-  
 ing posture by a clump of hawthorns to  
 meet her.

"You are saucy, cousin Hugh! There,  
 do let me go!" she exclaimed, with the  
 faint pink deepening on her cheek till a  
 red rose would have been its meet em-  
 blem—as though there was any harm  
 in the kiss he stole from her lip, while  
 he held her, quivering like a frightened  
 bird in his arms—for he was her cousin  
 and in an hour would be her husband.  
 Tears, either of pleasure or vexation  
 came fast from her eyes, and when she  
 raised her head from the bosom where  
 she had hidden her burning blushes,  
 they were glistening like a dew-drop  
 in the violet's cup.

"How I shall like to have just such  
 a glance beam on me all my life," she  
 said, in her simple pretty way, as she  
 met the deep earnestness of the dark  
 eyes that never had such meaning for  
 any other.

"And so you shall, dear Lily—there,  
 now you may go, for in an hour you  
 will be all my own."

Sweet Lily! she laughed and blushed,  
 and pressed his hand to her lips, and  
 darted away. No wonder she was  
 half wild with sorrow and delight—sad  
 and sorrow, because that was the last  
 day she would spend in her own home;  
 glad and happy because Hugh Trem-  
 mingham loved her so dearly that of all  
 the fair beings of the world he had  
 chosen her and had given her a home  
 in his heart. She had affection enough,  
 one would have thought, in the dear

## PORTAGE SENTINEL.

"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—James K. Polk.

Volume 1.

RAVENNA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1845.

Number 16.

father and mother and the little broth-  
 ers and sisters who idolized her, but  
 there was something more precious to  
 her in the love which was all her own.  
 "How lovely she is!" exclaimed Hugh,  
 peering through the parting branches  
 of a peach-tree till the last flutter of  
 her white dress had disappeared from  
 view.

"And as good as she is lovely," said  
 uncle Ross, as he came down the steps;  
 "she is my best treasure, Hugh, a good  
 daughter, and she will be a good wife.  
 We shall miss her, but you must cher-  
 ish her as we have done; remember  
 that the dear girl has lived all her short  
 life the very idol of fond hearts; and  
 needs love and kindness as much as the  
 parched flowers needs the dew-drop.  
 Poor little Lily! she believes every be-  
 ing in this world so pure as her own  
 pure self; she ought not to leave this  
 quiet country dwelling for a city home;  
 but she prefers you to all of us. How  
 you shall miss her, but I'll trust her to  
 you; take her, Hugh, and God bless  
 you and her!" and in spite of himself  
 the good father could not speak two  
 sentences without a sob.

Meanwhile Lily visited the little rill  
 by the wall where she had played in  
 her childhood, and stood there thinking  
 of the past days till the tears dropped  
 one by one into the water, then she  
 peeped over the pen to look at the pet  
 rabbits, and talked to them as reason-  
 ably as though they could understand  
 every word she spoke; finally she took  
 a parting look at the flower plants  
 which had been her care, and bounded  
 through the garden door, to tell the  
 young brother and sister for the fifti-  
 eth time, to water the lilies and take  
 good care of them for her sake.

"How I wish there was no such  
 thing as parting, mother, how dreadful  
 it will be to say farewell to home and  
 all, and know that I never shall be with  
 you so much again, though Hugh will  
 come often, I know he will. But I  
 will not think of it now," so Lily  
 brushed her hand across her eyes on  
 the wandering group, who wept, be-  
 cause she seemed unhappy.

"Now, mother, just one thing more,"  
 she said, as the mother's careful fingers  
 looped up the sleeves of her dress with  
 a pale ribbon, and adjusted the curls  
 that had become disarranged in the run  
 through the shrubbery; "I must have  
 one flower—one of those blue violets  
 that bloom so late, you know, in the  
 dell of the brook. Don't say no, mother,  
 for I haven't another wish in the world.  
 It will be so lovely by the side of this  
 bud," she added, touching a half-opened  
 white rose, placed by the hand of Hugh  
 in the parted folds of snowy muslin  
 that rested on a neck almost rivaling  
 its whiteness. The mother could not  
 say no to the eager face raised inquir-  
 ingly to hers, and with a kiss on the  
 dimpled cheek, away sped Lily, while  
 that kind, matronly face looked after  
 her through the window, with a shade  
 of sadness at the thought of parting,  
 blended with the flush of maternal love  
 and pride.

"Where is Lily?" asked Temming-  
 ham a short time after. Mrs. Ross  
 mentioned the wish she had expressed,  
 and he started through the garden to  
 meet her. The walk was a short and  
 pleasant, very pleasant to him, for  
 every spring when he and Lily were chil-  
 dren, they had rambled there in quest  
 of wild flowers and strawberries that  
 grew along the path. The bright ber-  
 ries were peeping out now in great  
 profusion from the clustering leaves on  
 the knolls, for the little hands at the  
 house had been so busy for a few days  
 in making preparations for the wedding,  
 that they had been permitted, though  
 over ripe, to remain undisturbed on the  
 vines. Every thing looked as beauti-  
 ful as it had a thousand times before,  
 and perhaps not more so; but to the  
 eyes of the young lover, skies never  
 smiled so softly nor green fields were  
 so bright a hue as on that day; even  
 the gold robin, which yearly wove its  
 pendant nest on a branch of the old elm  
 tree by the water side, seemed to feel  
 an unusual happiness, for he thrilled on  
 his clear notes so loudly that Hugh  
 paused a moment to listen.

It was not strange that Lily wished  
 to see those beautiful haunts once more,  
 and gather again some of the blue vio-  
 lets which bloomed in a cool, quiet  
 place, so shaded by a tuft of tall flags  
 and an overhanging bank, that they  
 never reared their heads from the bed  
 of moss, till long, after their earlier sis-  
 ters were faded and gone. Hugh had  
 twined them in her hair many a time,  
 and then peeped up to see which was  
 the brighter blue, the laughing eye or the  
 flower that rested in the curl above it.  
 But that was years ago when both

were children—since that time he had  
 been absent for months, and even when  
 he met the playmates of his infancy  
 had hardly dared to take the cousin li-  
 berties of former days. Now, he would  
 wreath a garland of them, just as he  
 used to do, and place it in her hair—  
 those modest blossoms were so like her  
 own meek, gentle heart. With these  
 thoughts when he approached the dell,  
 and found that Lily had already left,  
 he stooped down and hastily picked up  
 a handful of the violets, pulling roots  
 and all in his eagerness to get them;  
 and then he started to seek her in an-  
 other of her favorite retreats, pausing  
 yet a moment, as he fancied he heard  
 her call his name, to look in the willow  
 thicket, where she might have hid her-  
 self when she saw him coming. Lily  
 was not there, and with a smile at his  
 own fancy, in associating every sight  
 and sound with her, he turned into the  
 oak grove which had been a dear haunt  
 in their childhood. It was dearer now;  
 for on an autumn day in the last year,  
 he had sat with the young girl on the  
 fallen trunk of a tree, and whispered in  
 her ear for the first time, the wish that  
 she would be nearer than cousin to him;  
 and Lily had answered with a blushing  
 cheek, what no one but Hugh ever  
 heard her lips confess. There was  
 the old oak with the sunshine dancing  
 through the leaves; there was the seat,  
 and a tiny foot-print in the yielding  
 moss below showed that Lily had  
 been there; there too was a squirrel,  
 perhaps the same saucy one that had  
 listened to the tale of love. Hugh  
 looked at the little frisky thing as it  
 scampered over the rustling leaves and  
 up the trunk, nor stopped till it had  
 reached the farthest branch where it  
 had bent down with a knowing look,  
 and seemed to tell him it was beyond  
 his reach. Then came remembrances  
 of the little Lily, who had so often dis-  
 suaded him from harming the bright  
 eyed creatures, though with true school-  
 boy taste, he was wishing much to try  
 his hand at a shot. Perhaps these  
 were simple thoughts, but trifling as  
 they were they came knocking at the  
 heart of the young man as he retraced  
 his steps to the house.

"Ask Lily to come into the arbor a  
 moment," he said to a little sister of  
 hers he met in the garden; and seating  
 himself he commenced braiding the vi-  
 olets with a myrtle vine, in which taste-  
 ful employment he was surprised by  
 Mrs. Ross, who came with an anxious  
 face to ask if he had not seen Lily.  
 She had already been absent half an  
 hour, and it was hardly five minutes' walk to the brook. Hugh was alarmed,  
 but observing that she might have en-  
 tered the house unnoticed, accompanied  
 by her mother, he sought her chamber.  
 The trunks ready packed up for the  
 journey, and boxes containing the books  
 and harp, were placed by the door.  
 There was the little straw bonnet, with  
 its delicate ribbon and bridal wreath;  
 there was the veil and scarf of silvery  
 gauze; the white kid gloves, and a bo-  
 quet of forget-me-nots and rose buds,  
 and by their side the traveling basket  
 open displaying its neatly arranged con-  
 tents; but though all about bore traces  
 of her hand, the fair tenant of the ap-  
 partment was not there. Mrs. Ross  
 was considerably agitated, but unwill-  
 ing to alarm any one by apprehensions  
 which might be groundless, kept her-  
 self as calm as possible, and went about  
 inquiring for Lily.

No one had seen her since she pass-  
 ed alone through the garden gate. Trem-  
 mingham, half frantic, mentioned  
 the brook, and hither, accompanied by  
 the whole family, he speedily went.  
 They called aloud, up and down the  
 stream, but the mocking echo was the  
 only answer; searched in the thickets  
 of the silver willow that fringed the  
 margin; looked carefully far down the  
 water.

Finally Hugh sprang under the rude  
 bridge where Lily, by skipping from  
 rock to rock had sometimes gone, to  
 reach a small sandy island where the  
 scarlet cardinal flowers grew. But all  
 in vain, till suddenly one of the party  
 saw farther down the brook something  
 white drifting around the rocks, and  
 among the green brake leaves that  
 dropped into the water. It might be  
 foam—or it might be Lily—Swift as  
 thought Hugh dashed into the stream,  
 and a few moments after, appeared in  
 the midst of the anxious group, bearing  
 in his arms a slight form with its mass  
 of snowy drapery clinging about him,  
 the straw hat with its blue ribbons fall-  
 ing over his shoulders, and the fair  
 sweet face of his beautiful Lily resting  
 chilly, chilly as death against his cheek.  
 She had probably leaned over the bank,  
 and losing her foot hold, fallen into

the waters and had been borne down by  
 the current, and while Hugh was stand-  
 ing near the same spot, had called faint-  
 ly on his name, as she rose in an in-  
 stant to the surface. There had indeed,  
 been no parting words—no farewell for  
 that sweet girl. Poor Lily! but sadder  
 still, poor Hugh! Those who saw him  
 bearing to the home she had just left  
 with a merry smile and a jocund step,  
 the drooping being that he pressed so  
 close to his heart—those that saw the  
 fearful stare on his cold strange eyes,  
 knew, that from that moment the intel-  
 lect of that noble youth was darkened,  
 and that in all his after life, there would  
 be a smile to brighten it.

Instead of the bridal group in the  
 room tastefully arranged and ornament-  
 ed with flowers, there leaned wearily,  
 as though smitten by some fearful blow,  
 the guests, who had come with smiles,  
 and found need—sad need of tears. In-  
 stead of the bride with glances of love  
 and pride, there lay on the marble table—  
 still, cold, and white as the mar-  
 ble itself, a graceful figure, lovely in  
 death. The bridal robe, still damp  
 from the water, was the drapery; the  
 white rose bud lay withered on the  
 calm breast, the faded violets, firm in  
 the hand that clutched them in the  
 death struggle, rested on the young  
 heart, whose beatings were forever  
 hushed. There was an angel smile on  
 the round lips, and a beautiful repose on  
 the close eye-lids, and something so life  
 like on the white brow, with its cluster-  
 ing ringlets of moist brown hair, that  
 it was hard to believe that the spirit  
 had fled.

Instead of cheerful words there were  
 stifled groans, and now and then a sob  
 as if some heart would break with its  
 weight of agony. The children's bright  
 faces were all dimmed with tears their  
 eager voices hushed, their merry foot-  
 steps saddened into a measured pace.  
 And silently and reverently approach-  
 ed that room, all who had moved a-  
 bout with such careless feet on the morn-  
 ing of that day.

"Mourn for the mourner and not for  
 the dead," says the ancient dirge. Ah,  
 "mourn for the mourner," there by that  
 dead form, his hand pressed to the icy  
 fingers which pressed the withered vi-  
 olets, sat one, over whose head seemed  
 to come in one hour the burden of years.  
 On that fine countenance, now pale as  
 that on which he gazed, were stamped  
 the traces of grief that gnaw away the  
 very strength of life—and the only  
 words he was heard to utter, "Dear  
 Lily! how lonely this world will seem  
 to me when you are gone."

And though years have rolled by,  
 and from many hearts has passed the  
 memory of that bright bride of the  
 grave, there is one care-worn man  
 who cherishes in his breast, as a holy  
 thing, the remembrance of her gen-  
 tleness and beauty, and who, as he sits  
 in his gloomy room, murmurs from morn-  
 ing till night only these sad words—  
 "Dear Lily! how lonely this world will  
 seem to me when you are gone."

How strangely do joy and sorrow  
 meet in this world of ours? A smile—a  
 tear—Life—Death, only a step be-  
 tween!

## The Frozen Crew.

There are fearful wonders upon the  
 ocean—wonders in the tempest and in  
 the calm; in the tropical heat and in  
 the cold of the frozen seas. Thousands  
 and tens of thousands go down into the  
 deep and are seen no more forever.—  
 A more fearful fate has befallen a thou-  
 sand sons of the ocean.

Long before the idea of the existence  
 of the new world was contemplated by  
 the Europeans, the northern seas  
 had been traversed in every direction  
 by the daring free-booters of the North,  
 who often bore the title of the Kings  
 of the Seas. They had discovered  
 Iceland, and the settlement there form-  
 ed, became an asylum for the hosts of  
 the northern men who were driven  
 from Scandinavia, by the gradual ap-  
 proach of the southern civilization. In  
 time Iceland also sent forth her col-  
 onies, and early in the tenth century ef-  
 fected a settlement on the coast of  
 Greenland. It long languished for the  
 want of sufficient population; at length  
 in 1385, Erick Raud, an Icelandic chief-  
 tain, fitted out an expedition of twenty  
 five galleys at Snæfel, and being man-  
 ned with sufficient crews of colonists, set  
 forth from Iceland, bound to what ap-  
 peared to them a more congenial cli-  
 mate. They sailed upon the ocean  
 for fifteen days and saw no land. The  
 next day brought with it a storm, and  
 many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep.  
 Mountains of ice covered the sea as  
 far as the eye could reach and but few

galleys of fleet escaped destruction.  
 The morning of the seventeenth day  
 was clear and cloudless. The sea was  
 calm and far away to the north could  
 be seen the glare of the ice-field re-  
 flected on the sky.

The remains of the shattered fleet  
 gathered together to pursue their voy-  
 age. But the galley of Erick was not  
 with them. The crew of a galley that  
 was driven farther down than the rest,  
 reported that as the morning broke,  
 the huge fields of ice that had covered  
 the ocean, were driven by the current  
 past them, and they beheld the galley  
 of Erick Raud, borne by a resistless  
 force and the speed of the wind before  
 a tremendous flake of ice. Her crew  
 had lost all control over her—they  
 were tossing their hands in wild ag-  
 ony. Scarcely a moment elapsed be-  
 fore it was walled in by a hundred ice  
 hills, and the whole mass moved for-  
 ward and was soon lost beyond the hor-  
 izon. That the galley of the narra-  
 tives escaped was indeed wonderful. It  
 remained, however, uncontradicted,  
 and the vessel of Raud was never more  
 seen.

Half a century after this a Danish  
 colony was established upon the west-  
 ern coast of Greenland. The crew of  
 the vessel that carried colonists thither,  
 in their excursions into the interior,  
 crossed a range of hills that stretched  
 to the northward. They had approach-  
 ed perhaps nearer to the pole than any  
 succeeding adventurers. Upon look-  
 ing down from the summit of the hills,  
 they beheld a vast and almost inter-  
 minable field of ice, undulating in va-  
 rious places, and formed into a thou-  
 sand grotesque shapes. They saw not  
 far from the shore the figure of an ice  
 vessel with a glittering icicle for a mast  
 rising from it. Curiosity prompted  
 them to approach, when they beheld a  
 dismal sight. Figures of men in every  
 attitude of wo were upon the deck,  
 but they were icy things. One figure  
 alone stood erect, and with folded arms  
 leaned against the mast. A hatchet  
 was procured and the ice split away,  
 and the figure of a chieftain disclosed—  
 pale and deathly, but free from decay.  
 This was doubtless the vessel and that  
 figure the form of Erick Raud. Be-  
 numbed with cold and in the agony of  
 despair, his crew had fallen around him.  
 He alone had stood erect while the  
 chill of death passed over him. The  
 spray of the ocean, the fallen sleet, had  
 frozen as it lighted upon them, and cov-  
 ered each figure with an icy robe,  
 which the short lived glance of a Green-  
 land Sun had not time to remove. The  
 Danes gazed upon the spectacle with  
 trembling. They knew not but the  
 same might be their fate. They kneel-  
 ed down and uttered a prayer in their  
 native tongue for the souls of the de-  
 parted crew, and then hastily left the  
 place, for the night was fast approach-  
 ing.

From the Buffalo National Pilot.

## Will Saltpetre Explode?

Since the great fire in New York,  
 and the disastrous explosion which  
 took place there, the papers of that and  
 other cities have been much devoted  
 to queries, suggestions and theories re-  
 specting the qualities and nature of  
 saltpetre, and whether, under any cir-  
 cumstances, and if any, what, that sub-  
 stance can be made to explode. All  
 this, of course, had its origin in the fact  
 that the store which was blown up was  
 known to contain a large quantity of  
 saltpetre, and was not known to con-  
 tain any gunpowder.

We have watched the discussions,  
 and waded through the ponderous col-  
 umns of matter upon this subject, with  
 no small degree of interest; and this  
 we have done from a conviction of the  
 high importance of the question to the  
 public; since it is manifest to all, that,  
 if this substance can be made explosive  
 under circumstances such as ordinarily  
 pertain to fires, it should promptly be  
 put under such proscription as shall  
 save towns and cities from its direful  
 effects.

The analysis of this substance does  
 not produce explosive substances, say  
 the chemists; and this fact, with the  
 other one, namely, that it has some-  
 times burned, as has been believed,  
 with explosions of the most violent  
 kind, has served to involve the whole  
 question in the most positive state of  
 uncertainty. From this state, we have  
 seen nothing which appears to so near-  
 ly extricate the whole subject from dif-  
 ficulty, as the statement of Mr. A. A.  
 Hayes, chemist, of Roxbury, Mass.  
 That statement we find in the Boston  
 papers; and supposing it a reliable one,  
 based upon experiment, and not theory,  
 it may guide us to the desired solution

## Terms of Advertising.

One square, one insertion,	\$0 50
One square, two insertions,	0 75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
One square, six weeks,	1 50
One square, twelve weeks,	2 50
One square, six months,	4 00

A very liberal discount made to those who  
 advertise by the year.

Advertisements are requested to leave their ad-  
 vertisements at the office as early as Wednesday  
 morning before publication.

of this much vexed question, Mr. Hayes  
 says:

"Saltpetre, or the nitrate of potash,  
 or soda, alone, does not burn, or ex-  
 plose by heat, however intense. It  
 parts with one of its constituents, oxy-  
 gen, by heat, and it is to the combina-  
 tion of its oxygen with other bodies,  
 that it owes its power of burning with  
 them. Wood and fibrous substances  
 do not burn with saltpetre, until they  
 have become partially charred, they  
 then produce deflagration, or burn with  
 sparks.

"A large quantity of saltpetre, en-  
 closed in gunny bags, as it is usually  
 stored, after fire was communicated to  
 it, would burn with the bags, emitting  
 much smoke and sparks, precisely as  
 paper, which has imbibed saltpetre,  
 would. It would not be consumed;  
 only the small quantity required to  
 burn with the bags, would be changed.  
 If an addition of burning wood or char-  
 coal were made, to the extent of one  
 fifth the weight of saltpetre, an intense  
 and continued deflagration would re-  
 sult, and all the saltpetre would be  
 changed. No explosion would fol-  
 low from applying fire to mixtures  
 of charcoal or wood and saltpetre;  
 the rapid combustion called deflagra-  
 tion, would be produced, but unlike ex-  
 plosion, time would be required for the  
 mutual actions, and where the quan-  
 tities were large, many hours would  
 be necessary, before they would cease.  
 The recent destruction of life and prop-  
 erty by fire in New York; the loss of  
 a homeward bound Indian and her  
 cargo, by a similar cause, has created  
 an anxiety which has led to many en-  
 quiries, respecting the origin of the ex-  
 plosions, attending the burning of the  
 saltpetre. I need not remind you of a  
 case which occurred at Central wharf,  
 about ten years since, when the Hart-  
 ford Packet was destroyed. The tes-  
 timony obtained in the last instance,  
 led me to make some experiments,  
 on the effects produced by dropping  
 water on a burning mixture of saltpetre  
 and charcoal. It was ascertained  
 that a very small weight of water,  
 relatively to the saltpetre, caused ex-  
 plosions; which might be made succe-  
 ssive, so long as the materials remained.  
 The quantities of the substances acting,  
 being increased to between one and  
 two hundred pounds, the addition of  
 water in form of spray, caused an ex-  
 plosion, which destroyed the vessel,  
 and shook all the building in the vicini-  
 ty. The temperature of a burning  
 mixture of saltpetre and charcoal, at  
 the points of contact, is superior to that  
 of 'white hot' iron, and the form is that  
 of a bubbling fluid. Water, falling on  
 the mass, is instantly converted into  
 steam, having the elastic force of that  
 powder in steam guns; exceeding gun-  
 powder in destructive energy. The  
 red hot particles, dispersed by the sud-  
 den action, pass over considerable spaces,  
 and the appearance of flame is  
 produced.

"In cases where water fall on highly  
 heated polished surface, such as melted  
 glass, copper or silver, steam is formed  
 rapidly, but silently; the water does not  
 touch the hot surface. The spreading  
 of a film, or crust over the polished  
 surface, instantly alters its relation to  
 water, and causes steam to form with  
 explosive violence, attended by a loud  
 report. I do not hesitate in express-  
 ing my belief, that the disastrous effects  
 produced in New York, were caused  
 by water or other fluids falling on sal-  
 tpetre, while burning with the bags in-  
 vesting it. The facts which I have  
 stated, may have interest or importance  
 in connection with attempts made to  
 extinguish fire in buildings, containing  
 saltpetre. The danger of throwing wa-  
 ter on the fire is manifest, while the  
 loss to the owner of the saltpetre would  
 doubtless be greater by water than by  
 fire."

Woman, what are you whipping  
 that child for? For crying, do you  
 say? That is an original mode of clos-  
 ing the creature's tear ducts—a new  
 way of assuaging infantile grief. Lit-  
 tle Breaches is crying because he feels  
 sad, and he has as much right to feel  
 sad as you. His only play-thing has  
 sustained irreparable damage, and in  
 his grief is poignant. Did you expect  
 more but a tithe of the grief which  
 now agitates his little bosom, you would  
 sulk and sob for whole days, while he  
 blows it straight out, and in a few min-  
 utes it is over with him. How would  
 you like to be whipped for indulging  
 in your peculiar griefs in your own  
 way? And what though his mode is  
 somewhat clamorous. What if he does  
 stand a-staddle in the middle of the  
 room, a flood of tears washing clean